



Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Knockabout

Comics #2

Published 1981

(1st edition)

Knockabout Comics

75p

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Artists:

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D. Hine - 2-6

Graham Manley - 7-9

? - 10-13

Bryan Talbot - 14-17

Bill Griffith - 18-20

Clifford Harper - 21-24

Paul Bignell - 25

Hunt Emerson - 28-34

Gilbert Shelton - 36

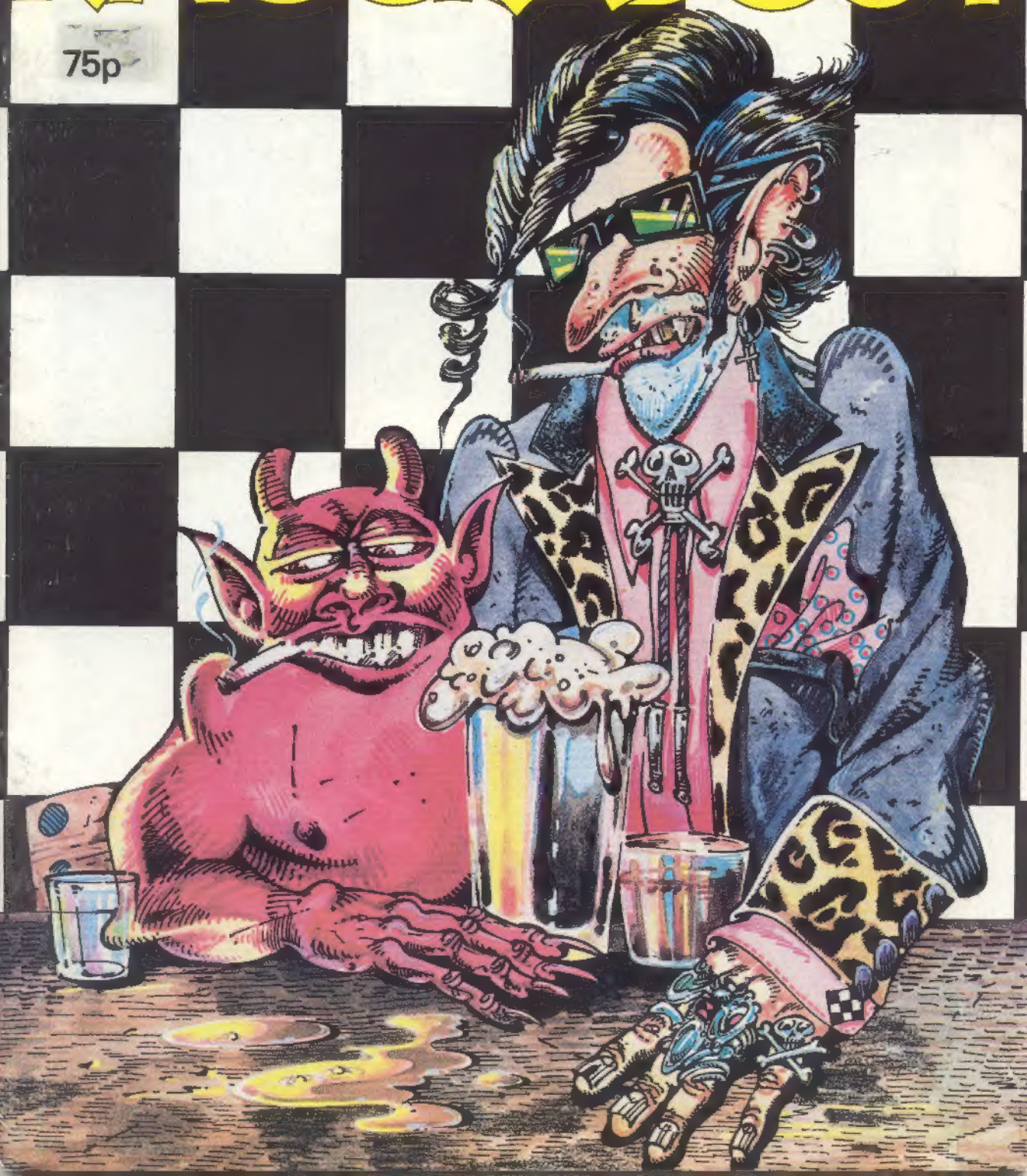
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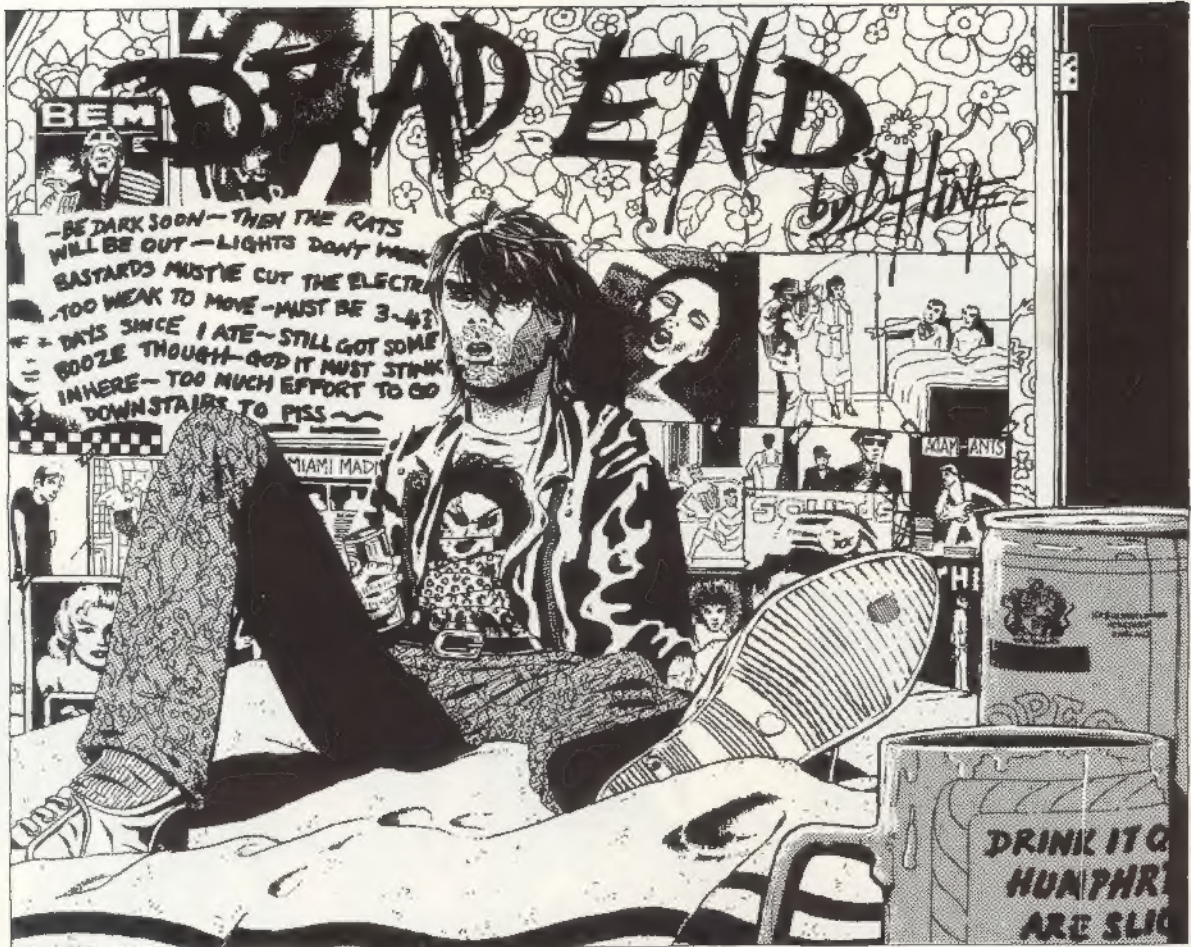
**If anyone knows the artists that aren't listed
below, please let me know!**

NO.2

KNOCKABOUT

75p





I'M GLAD VIVIENNE CAN'T SEE ME — I MUST LOOK A REAL MESS
WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING NOW — PROBABLY GOT HERSELF ANOTHER GUY —
SO MUCH FOR EVERLASTING LOVE

STUPID BLOODY FANTASIES!

IT NEVER WOULD HAVE WORKED ANYWAY WITH HER LIVING
IN PARIS — AND ME ALWAYS
SKINT — IF SHE'D BEEN
WITH ME I WOULDN'T BE
HERE NOW — I'D HAVE A
REASON TO GET UP AND
LEAVE — WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE —
WAITING WEEKS TO SEE HER —



HE I THEENK YOUR
PENUSS AVE MISSED ME
SINCE I AM LAST TO
LONDON

THAT SEEMS A LONG TIME AGO —
SHE HASN'T WRITTEN FOR A MONTH —
CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER HER FACE PROPERLY —

— WONDER WHAT SHE'LL THINK
WHEN SHE FINDS OUT I'M
DEAD — I WILL BE DEAD
SOON — SHE'LL BE SORRY
THEN — SORRY SHE TURNED
HER BACK ON ME WHEN —

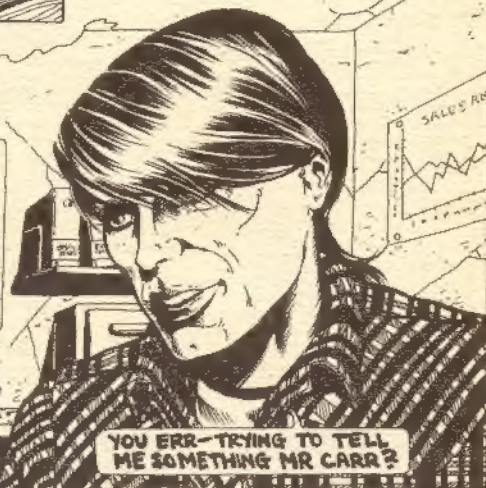
— DAMN! —

— SELF-PITY — THE ONE THING
I'M REALLY GOOD AT — IS THAT
WHY I'M DOING THIS? NOT A
VERY NOBLE REASON TO DIE —

— JUST TO MAKE THEM ALL FEEL
SORRY — LIKE THAT BASTARD
CARR —



RIGHT! YOU'VE CRAWLED IN HERE LATE
FOR THE LAST TIME YOU THIRTY FUNK
POOF! LOOK AT THE STATE OF YOU —
FUCKING TERRIBLE — GIVING THE COMPANY
A BAD NAME — I'VE GOT TO TALK ONE LOOK
AT YOU AND TAKE A WALK — WELL NOW
IT'S YOUR TURN — SAY THAT YOU DON'T
WANT TO WORK — SAY THAT YOU WANT
TO GO HOME — SAY THAT YOU WANT
TO GO TO A LAZY BOSS FOR NOTHING — TUNDE
THE FIRST PLACE PLURTY
THOSE 2 BE GRAD OF
DON'T HAVE THE SENSE OF IT — DON'T
WANT IT — I'VE BEEN THE STATE OF YAH — I'VE
PULLS AM ALL THAT — I'M NOT 'MOODY' — GET
OUTTA HERE AND DO US ALL A FAVOUR — DIE!!



YOU ERR — TRYING TO TELL
ME SOMETHING MR CARR?

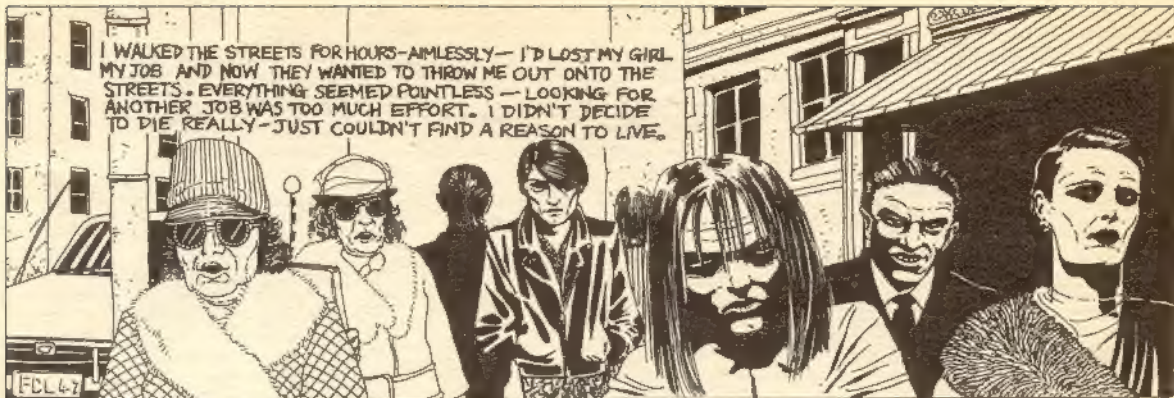
LOSING THAT CRUMMY JOB DIDN'T EXACTLY BREAK
MY HEART BUT A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN THE
EVICTION NOTICE CAME, SOMETHING SNAPPED —



GUESS WE'LL HAVE
TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER
SQUAT

I'M NOT
GOING!

I WALKED THE STREETS FOR HOURS—AIMLESSLY—I'D LOST MY GIRL
MY JOB AND NOW THEY WANTED TO THROW ME OUT ONTO THE
STREETS. EVERYTHING SEEMED POINTLESS — LOOKING FOR
ANOTHER JOB WAS TOO MUCH EFFORT. I DIDN'T DECIDE
TO DIE REALLY—JUST COULDN'T FIND A REASON TO LIVE.



IT WAS AS IF I WAS ALREADY DEAD—NOT QUITE IN THE REAL
WORLD ANYMORE—A SHADOW WORLD BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH



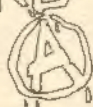
—EVEN THE PEOPLE IN THE STREET
DIDN'T SEEM TO LIVE—

I WAS RAPIDLY LOSING TOUCH WITH REALITY



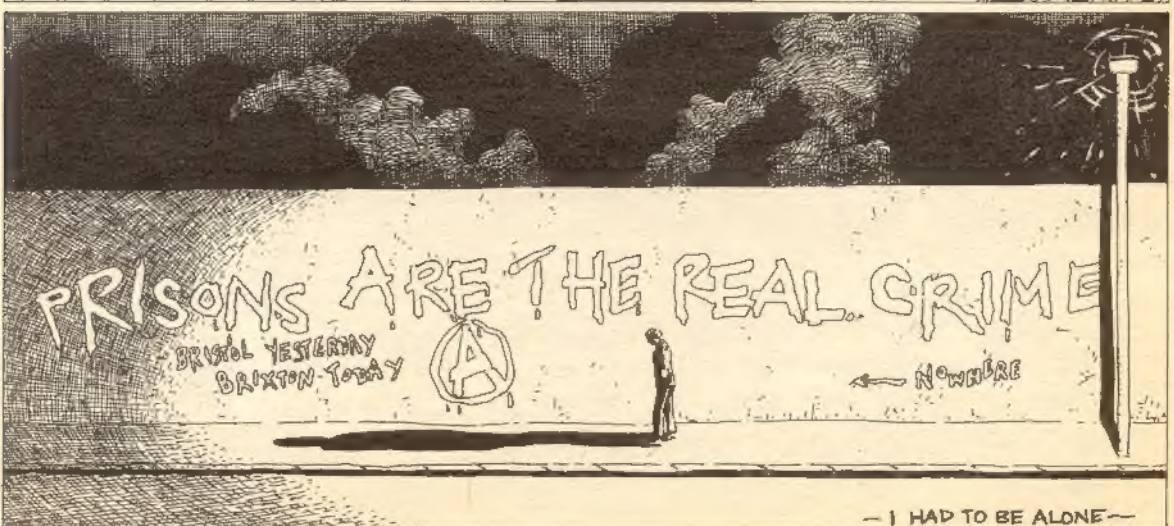
PRISONS ARE THE REAL CRIME

BRISTOL YESTERDAY
Brixton TODAY



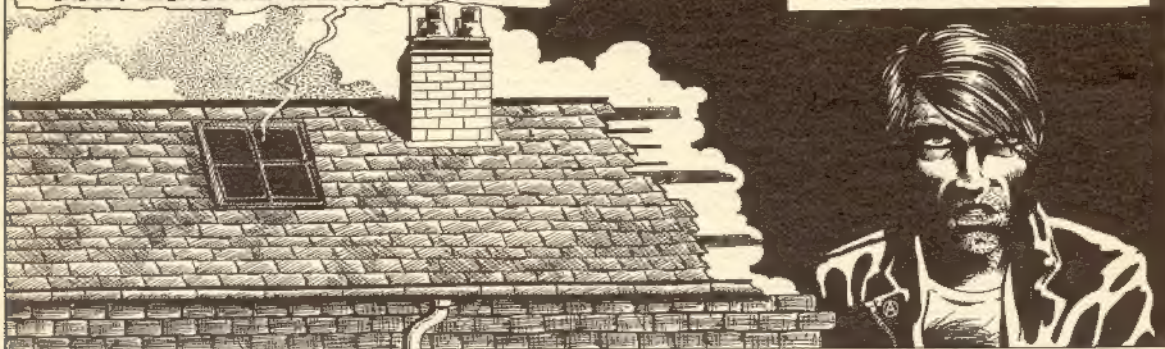
— NOWHERE

— I HAD TO BE ALONE —

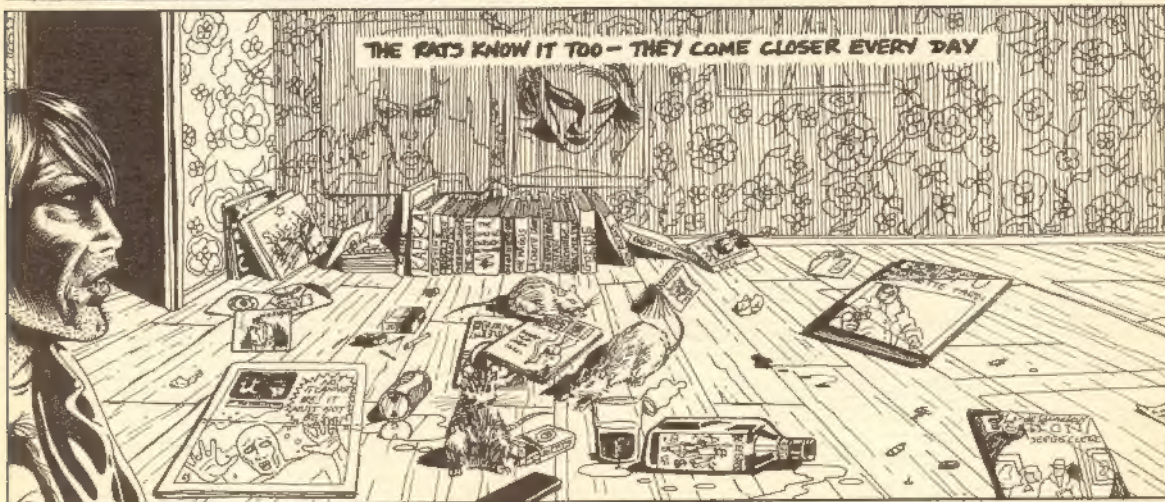


— NOW HERE I AM — ALONE — THE OTHERS LEFT
— THE COUNCIL CAME AND BOARDED THE PLACE UP
— DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO LOOK UP HERE —

NOW I COULDN'T LEAVE IF I
WANTED TO — I HAVEN'T ENOUGH
STRENGTH LEFT

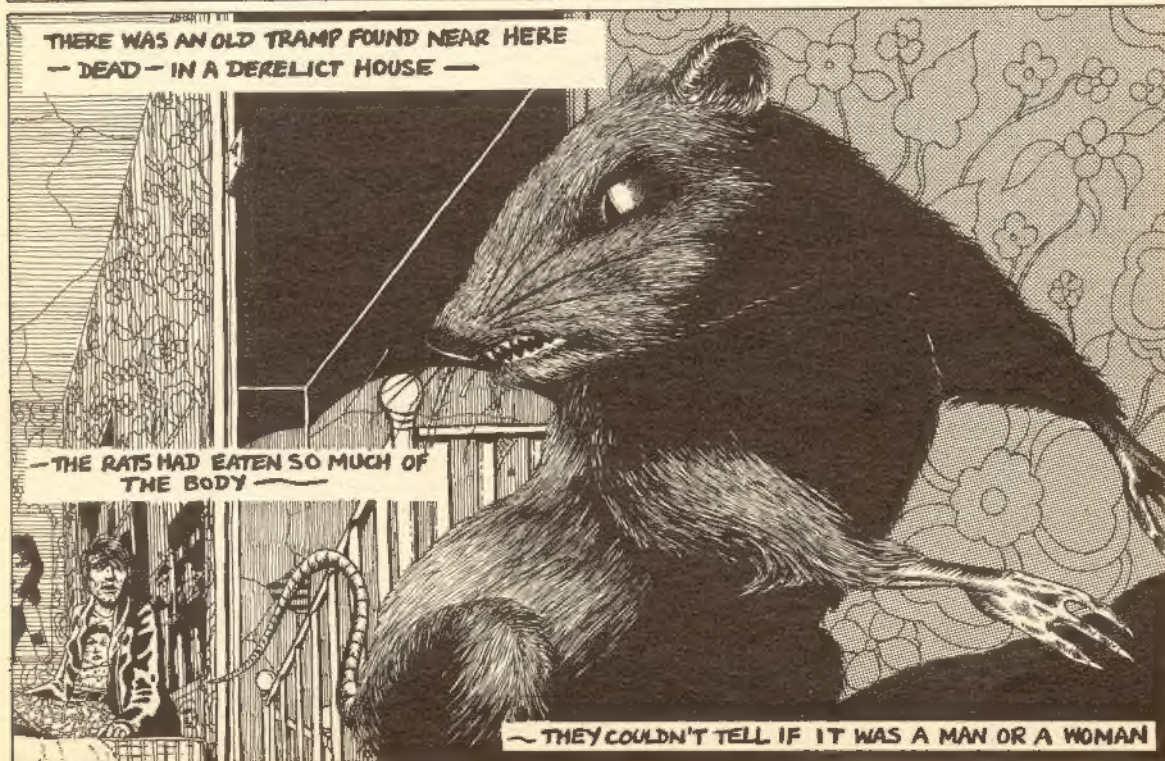


THE RATS KNOW IT TOO — THEY COME CLOSER EVERY DAY

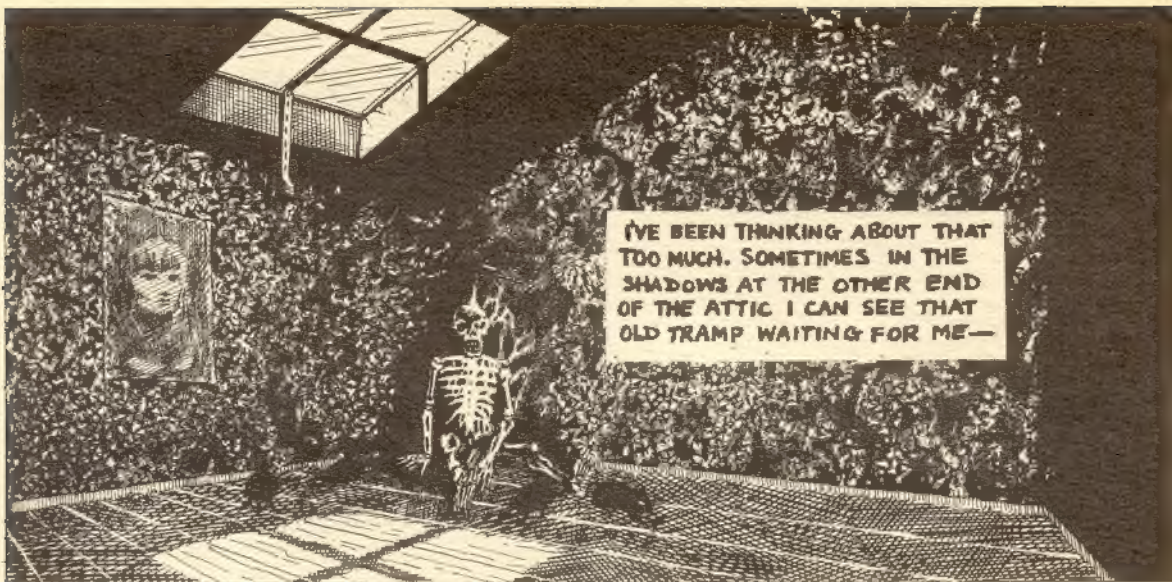


THERE WAS AN OLD TRAMP FOUND NEAR HERE
— DEAD — IN A DERELICT HOUSE —

— THE RATS HAD EATEN SO MUCH OF
THE BODY —



— THEY COULDN'T TELL IF IT WAS A MAN OR A WOMAN

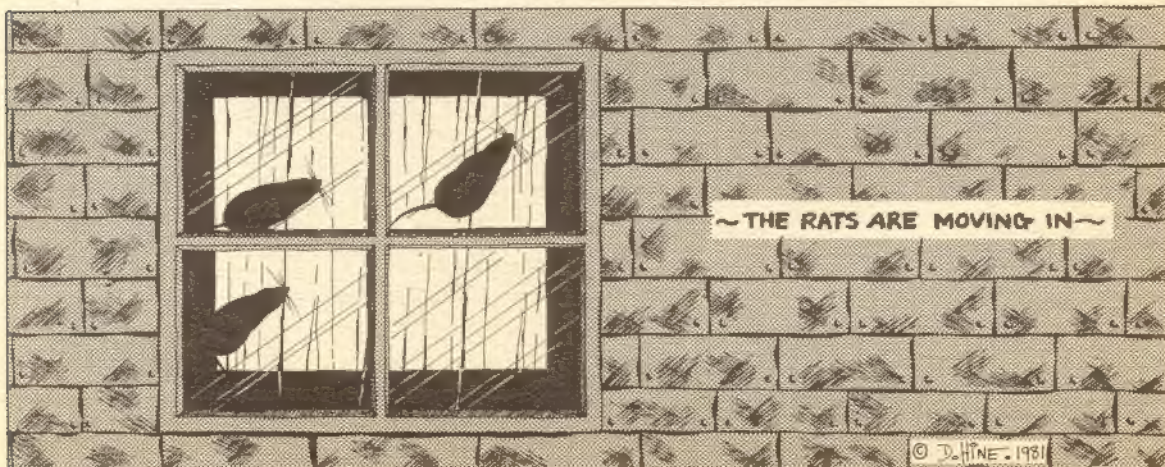


I CAN SEE HIM QUITE CLEARLY TONIGHT — MORE CLEARLY ALL THE TIME —



— HE'S WAITING —

— HE KNOWS IT WON'T BE LONG NOW —



IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY-
TOODLE-ODDLE-ODDLE
-AY- EH?!!

COMIX
presents
HISTORY IS BUNK!

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHIN'
TA EAT!! - OR SOME EXOTIC
DRUG!! THIS BEARS
INVESTIGATIN'...

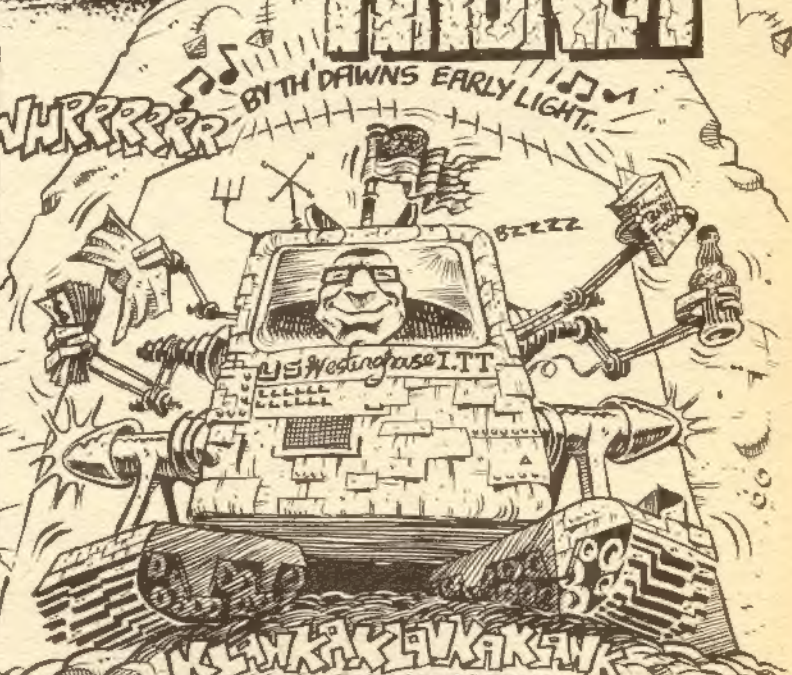
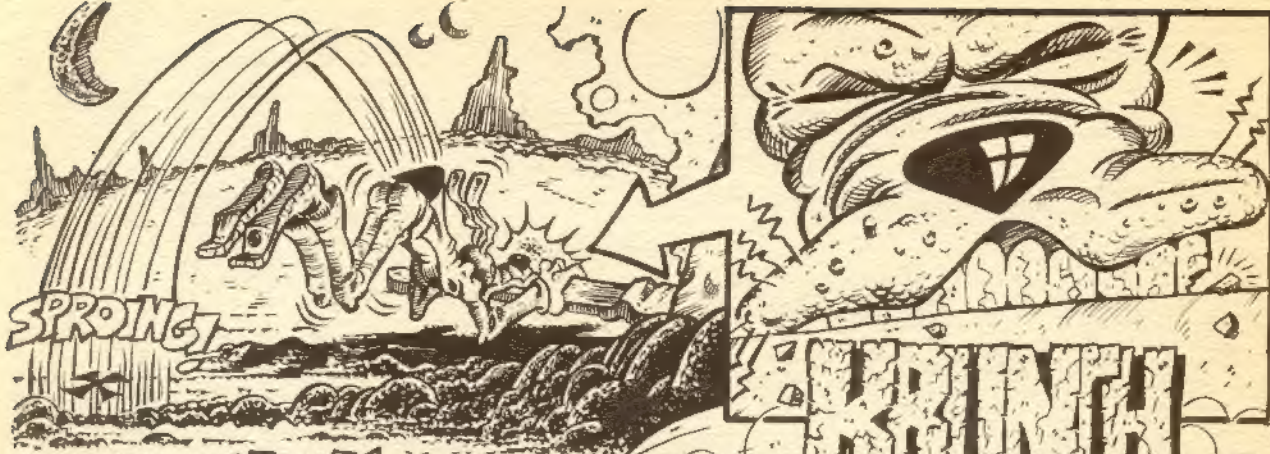
?!?

ACME

DRUG

SLAYER

by
GRAHAM MAN
'81



GREETINGS FROM EARTH INTELLIGENT BEING!! FROM THE DEPTHS OF SPACE I HAVE COME TO BRING TO YOU YES YOU THE BOUNTIFUL FRUITS OF OUR ADVANCED CIVILIZATION!! YES, UNDER THE TERMS OF THE U.S. INTERGALACTIC AID AND DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM, ALL THIS CAN BE YOURS.



...YES, SIMPLY BY AFFIXING YOUR SIGNATURE OR MARK TO THE ACCOMPANYING FORM, THIS 'ONCE IN A LIFETIME' OFFER...

...POSITIVELY GUARANTEES THAT YOUR BACKWARD WORLD WILL BE TRANSFORMED..BLAH-BLAH....



„IT MOVES...IT MAKES NOISES...IT SMELLS GOOD!!
CAN THIS BE LOVE??

„AND SO RESPONDING
TO THE MOST BASIC OF
INSTINCTS, HE ATTEMPTS
SEXUAL CONGRESS
WITH IT!!

THROB THROB

„IT'S DELICATE INTERNAL MECHANISMS
UNBALANCED BY THE UNEEXPECTED NATURE
OF THE CANINES AMORUS ASSAULT
THE MACHINES DATA BANK SPEWS
FORTH A SCRAMBLED STREAM
OF IRRELEVANT TRIVIA...
...HAVE A NICE DAY...
...I AM NOT
A CROOK...

—AND THEN, HAVING MISTAKENLY
INTERPRETED ITS SITUATION AS
HOPELESS IN THE FACE OF
OVERWHELMING ODDS
IT SELF DESTRUCTS!!!

BOOOOM

AWAY THE FORMING
CLEANSER-BUB-
BUB-BUB-
BUB-

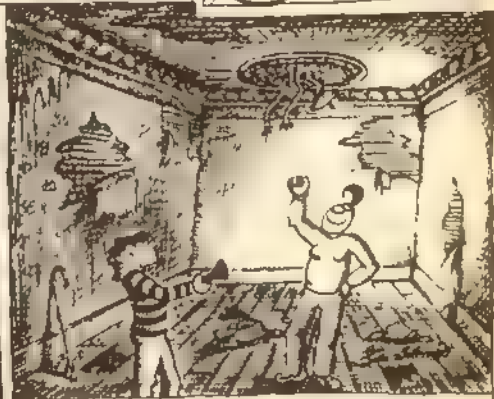
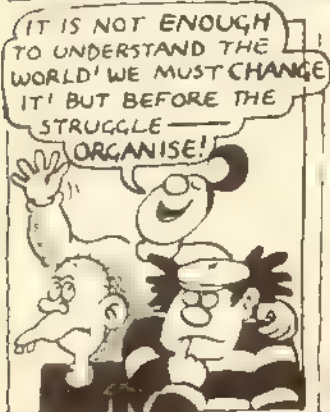
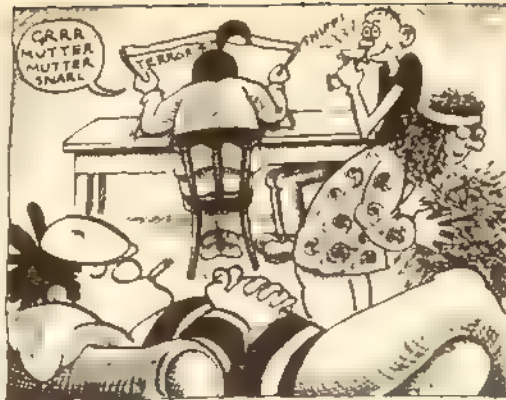
— SHOWERING OUR UNFORTUNATE HERO WITH A
SELECTION OF THE HIGHEST PRODUCTS OF 20TH C. CULTURE.

CHOMP CHOMP



—AND SO, SALVAGING A
BOX OF MICROWAVE HEATED
KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN
HE LEAVES US TO PONDER
THE ETERNAL QUESTIONS...
OF FIN

THE CRASH STREET SQUAT IN "CLASS STRUGGLE"



... INTO A UNIT MOVING AND THINKING AS ONE!

COMRADES! WE MUST PLAN OUR FIRST OPERATION! ANY IDEAS?

FORGING GIROS

FIX THAT COPPER WOT PULLED ME IN '72!

YOU ADVENTURIST WORMS! WHERE'S YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS OF CLASS STRUGGLE?

OOPS! IDEOLOGICALLY UNSOUND AGAIN!

OUR PLAN MUST BE BOLD! IT MUST STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE SYSTEM'S PUNY PUPPETS!

GOT T WE'LL KIDNAP CHIEF INSPECTOR TRUNCHEON, TERROR OF THE TERRORISTS!

HE'S A PUNY PUPPET?

THE PLAN TAKES SHAPE.

CHIEF INSPECTOR TRUNCHEON IS ADDRESSING THE COMMITTEE OF ENQUIRY INTO CHOCOLATE MACHINE VANDALISM BY BLACK YOUTHS! AT 16:15 HRS THE MEETING ENDS.. AND THEN WE PONCE!

THE GREAT DAY COMES AT 16:00 HRS COMRADE WANKER IS IN POSITION

AT 16:08 HRS COMRADE GINNY DISTRACTS THE LACKEYS OF A DOOMED REGIME.

OINK OINK!

GRRR!

SNARL!

AT 16:15 HRS CHIEF INSP. TRUNCHEON LEAVES THE MEETING, AND

OH GOD! HE'S COMING! I MUST BE BRAVE!!

CONSTABLE WHERE ARE YOU??

CLUMP CLUMP

GOTCHER!

SQUAK

SPROING!

OUR BRAVE COMRADES LOAD THE PUNY PUPPET INTO THE GETAWAY CAR

BAH! I JUST GOT A TICKET!

MMM! MMM!

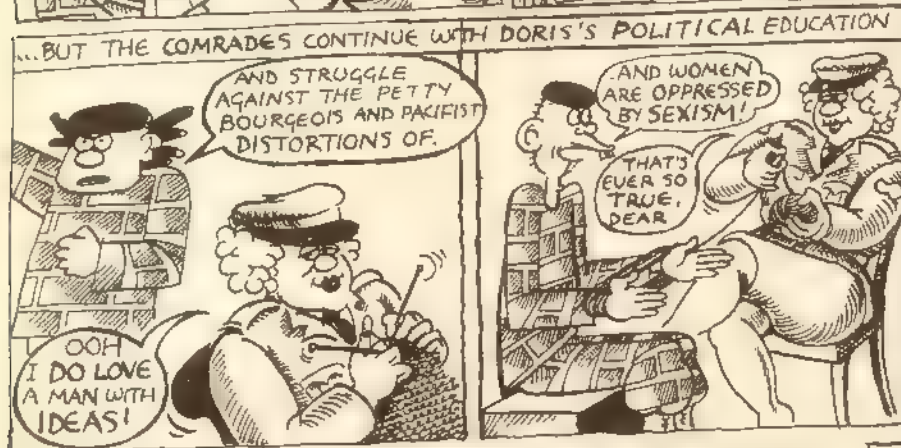
DENNIS DENNIS! I GOT HIM!

WHAT A GREAT MOMENT, COMRADES! TO HAVE THIS DUPE OF THE SYSTEM IN THE PEOPLE'S POWER!

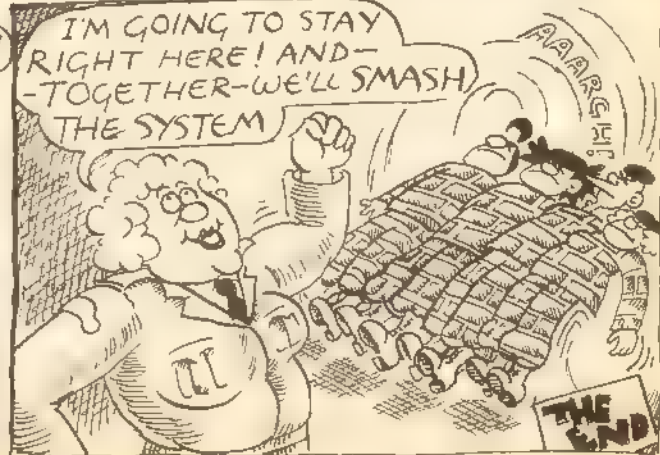
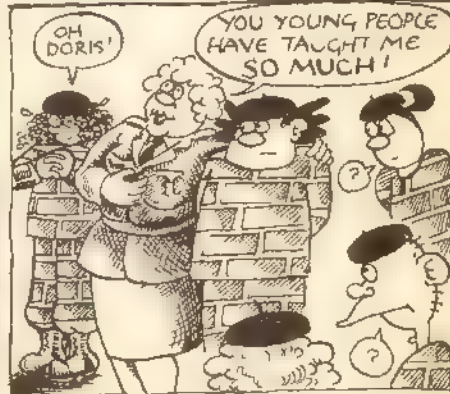
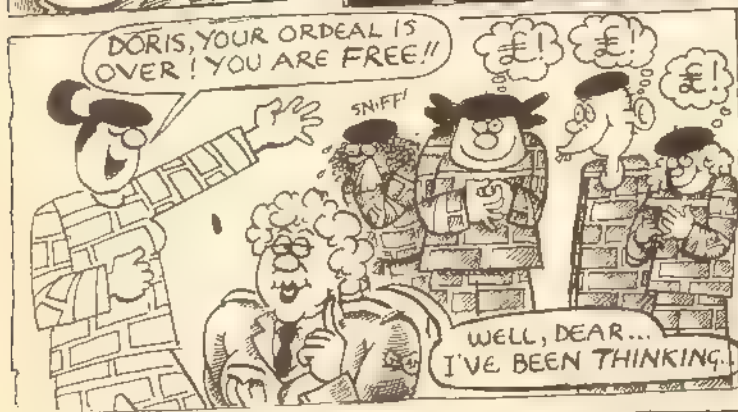
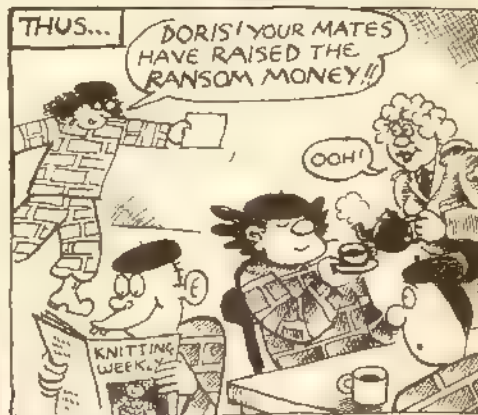
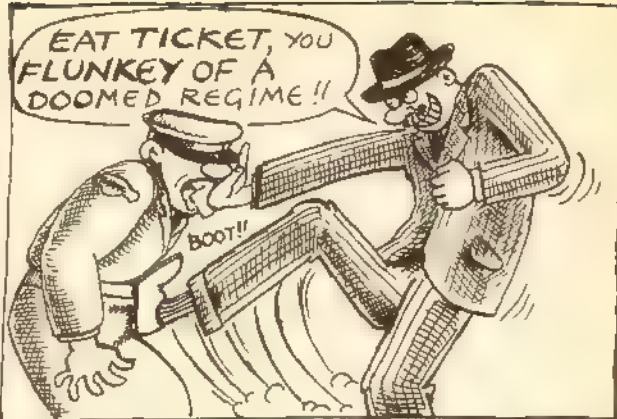
.. AND BEHOLD!!

HEY PRESTO!

AND BACK AT THE HIDEOUT



...AND THE HEAT IS ON.



gets









ARNOLD!!!



MERCY SAKES!
YOU'VE NOT HEARD
A SINGLE WORD
I'VE SAID!

WHY ARE Y'
SLOWIN' DOWN
Y' CREEP?

HOLY
COW!



The case against Kissinger

552

BING LARSON
Interpersonal
Problem Solving inc.

Lunch 12 to 5

LIKE MOST CASES, THIS ONE
BEGAN WITH A **STRANGER** AT THE
DOOR. JEEZ, THEY DON'T COME MUCH
STRANGER.. I WAS PERUSING A VOL-
UME ON "**EXECUTIVE ACCUPRESSURE**
& HOW TO PROFIT BY IT" WHEN HE
STUMBLED IN. THE **ODOR** WAS
OVERWHELMING

A **LETHAL MINGLING**
OF **ABSINTHE** AND
VAP-O-RUB PER-
VADED THE BARE
OFFICE. I TOOK
HIS **VISA CARD** AND
LET HIM **YAMMER**..

P.
U.

©1981 Bill Griffith

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT HE WAS
A **STREET CRAZY** LOOKING FOR
A HAND-OUT... BUT HE HAD A
#1300 **CREDIT LINE** SO I SAT
THERE.. IT TOOK A WHILE

GONE.
..A **COLLECTOR'S**
ITEM.. MINT
CONDITION!!

.. I CANNOT LIVE
WITHOUT IT. IT IS
MY **BIBLE**.. IT TELLS
ME WHAT TO DO..
I **MUST HAVE**
IT **BACK!!**

SEEMS THE **KOOK**
HAD **LOST HIS 1952**
JOHNSON-SMITH CAT-
ALOG.. YOU KNOW..
GAGS, TOYS, JOY BUZZERS
- HE WASN'T **FOOLING**
ME. THOUGH I HAD
HIM ALL **FIGURED**...

I SENT THE **BABY** SNOOPING
FOR THE CATALOG, AS A **RUSE**.
OF COURSE.. I **FOLLOWED HIM**
DOWNTOWN TO A **WAREHOUSE**
ON RIVER STREET "**NEVER**
TRUST AN INFANT", MY OLD
MAN TOLD ME ON HIS **KNEE**..

THE WAREHOUSE WAS
AS **EMPTY** AS THE **MIND**
OF A "**GRATEFUL**
DEAD" FAN
.. **LOST THE**
BABY AT THE
BEACH.. I HADN'T
EATEN SINCE **BRUNCH**
SO I STOPPED IN AT
A **GREASY SPOON** ON
TENTH AVENUE..

THE PLACE HAD BECOME THE
HANG-OUT FOR A GROUP OF
LOCAL "PERFORMANCE ARTISTS."
- WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO,
I LISTENED IN ON THE WEIRDOS'
LIFTED-PINKY PATTYER.. I ALMOST
CHOKED ON MY BRATWURST WHEN-

- I HEAR
NESBITT'S
DOING HIS
"DETECTIVE
PIECE"-
HE'S USING
BING
LARSON..

AH,
YES..



IF THINGS GO WELL,
IT SHOULD TOP HIS "UNUSED
ELECTRIC OUTLET" PIECE
OF LAST SEASON.

..BING
LARSON,
HUH? THE
"PERFECT
"INNOCENT"!!

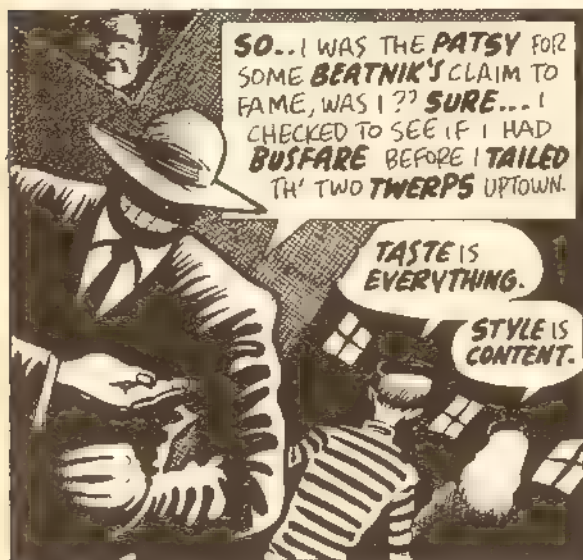
HMMM..



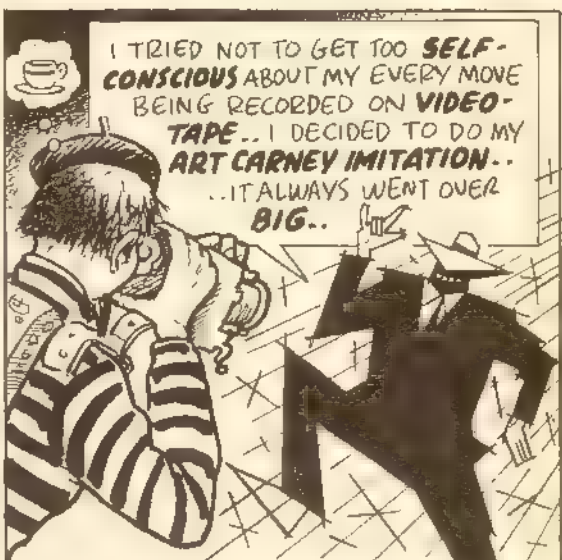
SO.. I WAS THE PATSY FOR
SOME BEATNIK'S CLAIM TO
FAME, WAS I ?? SURE... I
CHECKED TO SEE IF I HAD
BUSFARE BEFORE I TAILED
TH' TWO TWERPS UPTOWN.

TASTE IS
EVERYTHING.

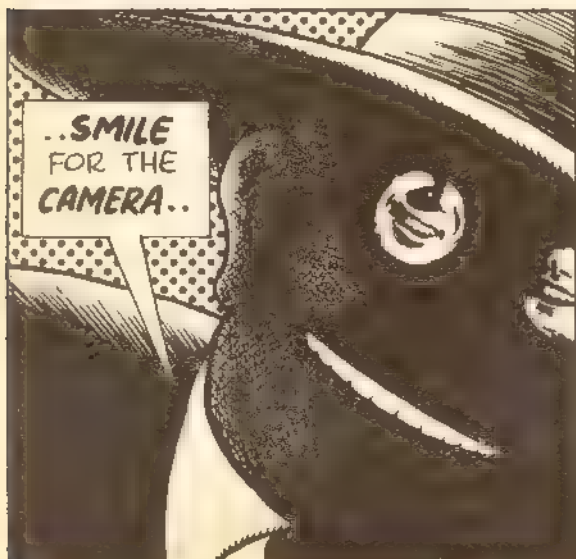
STYLE IS
CONTENT.



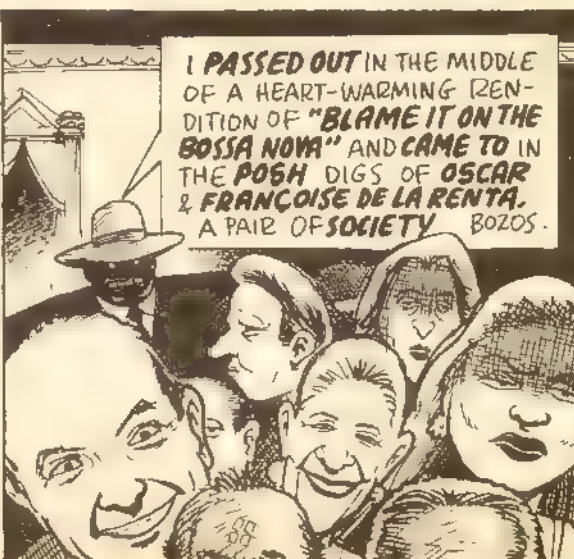
I TRIED NOT TO GET TOO SELF-
CONSCIOUS ABOUT MY EVERY MOVE
BEING RECORDED ON VIDEO-
TAPE.. I DECIDED TO DO MY
ART CARNEY IMITATION..
..IT ALWAYS WENT OVER
BIG..



..SMILE
FOR THE
CAMERA..



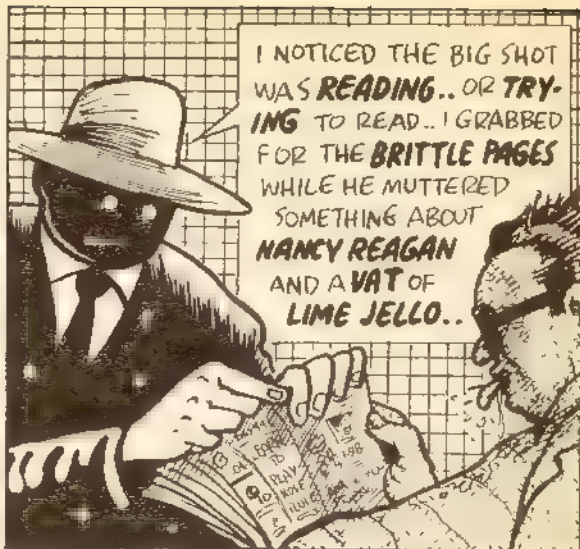
I PASSED OUT IN THE MIDDLE
OF A HEART-WARMING REN-
DITION OF "BLAME IT ON THE
BOSSA NOVA" AND CAME TO IN
THE POSH DIGS OF OSCAR
& FRANCOISE DE LA RENTA.
A PAIR OF SOCIETY BOZOS.



OVER IN ONE CORNER, CRUMPLED UP LIKE A BEER CAN, WAS WHAT LOOKED LIKE HENRY KISSINGER... HE WAS COMPLETELY BLOTTO, SPITTLE OOOZING FROM BLOOD-STAINED LIPS... I TOOK OUT MY .45 AND NUGGED HIM...



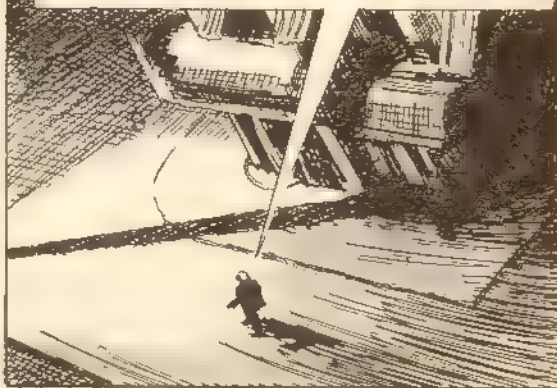
I NOTICED THE BIG SHOT WAS READING... OR TRYING TO READ... I GRABBED FOR THE BRITTLE PAGES WHILE HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT NANCY REAGAN AND A VAT OF LIME JELLO..



IT WAS THE CATALOG!! SO MY "CLIENT" WASN'T LYING... NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THERE HE WAS... ON PAGE 324, GIVING ME A BRONX CHEER ---



I DRIFTED BACK TO THE OFFICE... MY MIND WAS WHIRRING... WAS I STILL PART OF A "PERFORMANCE PIECE"? HAD I REALLY SEEN HENRY KISSINGER? WHO SHOULD I SUBMIT A BILL TO??

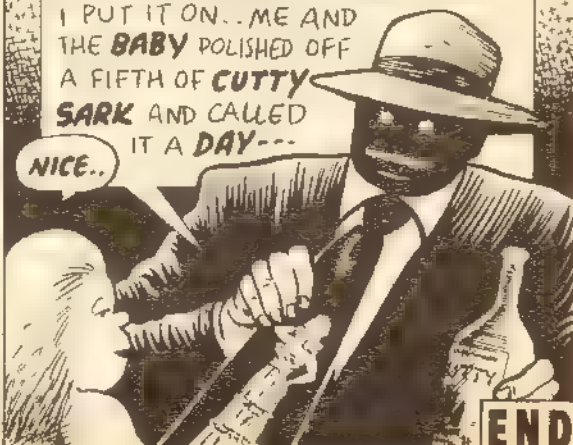


...THINGS WERE QUIET WHEN I RETURNED... TOO QUIET--



SIX WEEKS LATER A PACKAGE ARRIVED IN THE MAIL IT WAS A TIE.. IT GLOWED IN THE DARK.. I PUT IT ON.. ME AND THE BABY POLISHED OFF A FIFTH OF CUTTY SARK AND CALLED IT A DAY---

NICE..



END

"THE PAST IS A FOREIGN COUNTRY: THEY DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY THERE"

AS L P HARTLEY PUT IT IN HIS NOVEL "THE GO BETWEEN" FOR MYSELF CHILDHOOD SELDOM CALLS ME BACK BUT ASKED TO CONTRIBUTE A FEW PAGES TO THIS COMIK IT SEEMED AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXORCISE A GHOST OR TWO AND INDULGE IN A LITTLE SELF EXAMINATION, MAYBE TO GAIN A CLEARER UNDERSTANDING OF MY MOTIVES AND TO SHARE WITH YOU DEAR READER A PRECIOUS MOMENT FROM AN EARLIER TIME —

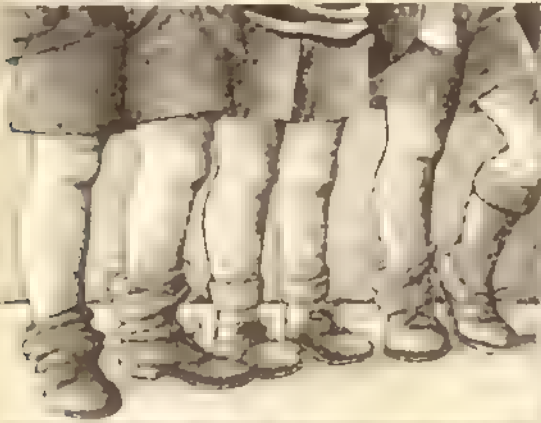
C. TAKE MY HAND AND JOURNEY BACK 20 YEARS TO THE PLAYGROUND OF HOGARTH JUNIOR SCHOOL, ONE SEPTEMBER DAY ..

THEY WERE UNATTRACTED TO THE COMPETITION
OF EXTRA, WERE WON BY ALL, WENT TO GATHER
IN AN UNDISTURBED MANNER OF THE SCHOOL YARD.

SAFE FROM THE ATTENTIONS OF TEACHERS AND
SCHOOL MATES WE WOULD PLOT OUR DAYS ADVENTURE



WE WERE ALL OF THE MALE GENDER - SIX IN ALL
AND NINE YEARS OLD



... TODAY WE PLAN A PARTICULAR GAME WHICH REQUIRES
A CERTAIN CHANGE TO OUR THINKING. WE REMEMBER
JAPANESE AND BY KNOWING EITHER THE "LIEVE" AND
FASHIONING THEM AND THE "LIEVE" THEY ARE
TRANSFORMED FROM JACKETS INTO CLOAKS ...



THE TYPE OF PRESS WAS ESSENTIAL TO OUR
; "FACE" REPRESENTATION AND A CATHARTIC
POWER. 2ND. AFTER WE ARE READY TO PRESENT
OURSELVES TO THE WIDER WORLD OF THE STREET VANDER

THIS CAME IN. YES A GOAL, A TARGET- IS THAT
THE RIGHT WAY TO SET A TARGET AND THIS TARGET
IS A GROUP SIMILAR IN NUMBER TO OUR OWN OF
GIRLS.



THERE THEY STAND WHISPERING AND GIGGLING IN THE CENTRE OF THE YARD-ALL UNAWARE, IGNORANT OF OUR PLANS...



SENDING TWO OF OUR NUMBER TO RIGHT AND LEFT TO PREVENT ANY ESCAPE...



REALISATION OF IMMINENT FATE DAWNS WITH GIRLS SHRIEKS AND TOO LATE THEY BREAK AND RUN FROM US...



...NOW WE ARE READY, NO OBSTACLES TO OUR SUCCESS WITH WILD YELLS, CLOAKS FLYING IN THE WIND WE RACE TOWARD THEM...



...FOR THE FIRST FEW SECONDS THEY PRETEND TO IGNORE US IN THEIR HUDDLED WHISPERS-BUT TO MAINTAIN THE PRETENCE IS IMPOSSIBLE AS WE SPEED NEARER-HERE WE COME...



...BUT THEIR LEGS ARE NO MATCH FOR OURS-BESIDES DO WE NOT POSSESS THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE...?



...NOW I CEASE TO BE PART OF THE GROUP ENDEAVOUR
-CONCENTRATING MY ENERGIES UPON ONE GIRL-
AMANDA HARLOCK!



SAFETY BEING PROVIDED BY THE GIRLS TOILETS-
THROUGH THOSE DOORS I COULD NOT PASS...



FOR THIS, ONE OF MY EARLIEST EXPERIENCES OF
HETEROSEXUAL INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS
HAS DETERMINED MUCH IF NOT ALL OF MY RELATIONSHIPS
SINCE...



... SEEING ME RACE FOR HER- WITH ALL HER ABILITY
SHE'D TRY TO AVOID CONTACT- OFTEN SUCCEEDING



.. BUT THE HAPPY CONCLUSION OF THIS TALE
REQUIRES THAT FOR ONCE AMANDA FAILS TO REACH
THE LAVATORY... THIS TIME I'D DETERMINED TO CARRY
THIS THING THROUGH TO THE END- I ALMOST SAY TO
THE BITTER END...



REACHING THE DOORWAY FIRST I WAIT READY AS AMANDA
UNABLE TO HALT HER OWN MOMENTUM RUNS STRAIGHT
INTO MY ARMS...



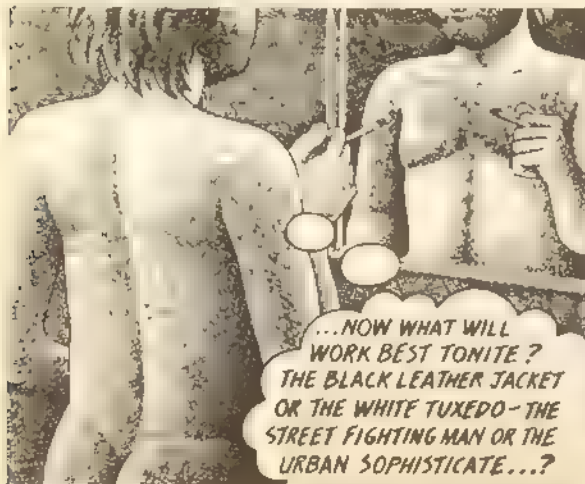
... AND NOW I'M ABLE TO CONCLUDE THE EXERCISE-
HERE IN MY EMBRACE IS AMANDA- THE GIRL I DESIRE
THE GIRL I WANT TO KISS...!



... BUT TO NO AVAIL- FOR I REACH FORWARD AND
SUCCEED IN PLANTING A HURRIED KISS ON AMANDA'S
LIPS...



... AND THAT'S MY STORY FRIENDS- IT ALL HAPPENED
SO LONG AGO AND WHO'S TO SAY HOW MUCH OF IT
ALL STILL REMAINS...?



... NOW WHAT WILL
WORK BEST TONITE ?
THE BLACK LEATHER JACKET
OR THE WHITE TUXEDO- THE
STREET FIGHTING MAN OR THE
URBAN SOPHISTICATE...?

... AS HER SITUATION COMES HOME TO HER- AS SHE
UNDERSTANDS WHAT IS ABOUT TO BEFALL SHE
FRANTICALLY TURNS HER FACE FROM MINE...

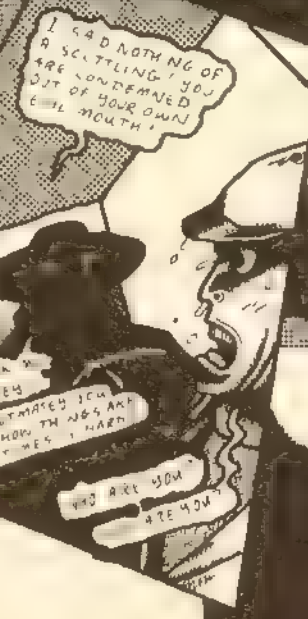
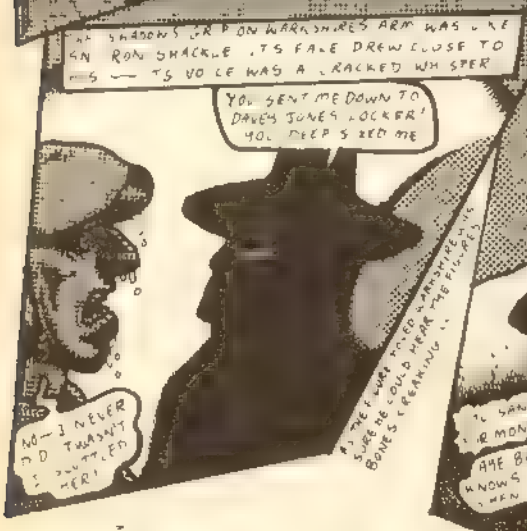
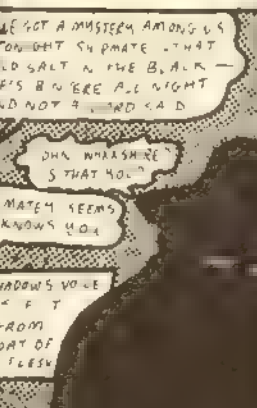
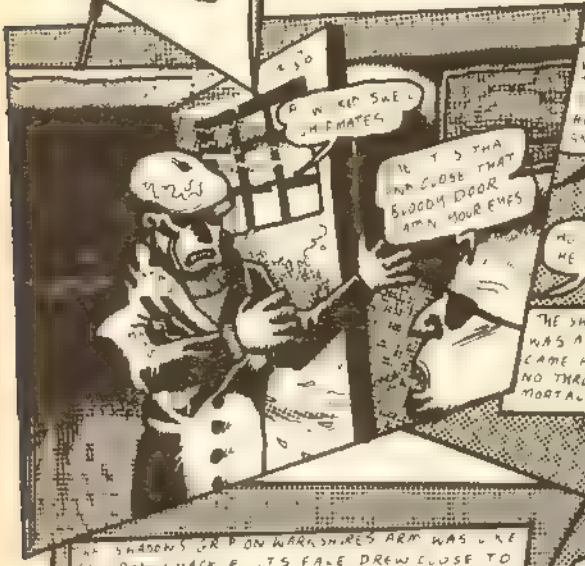


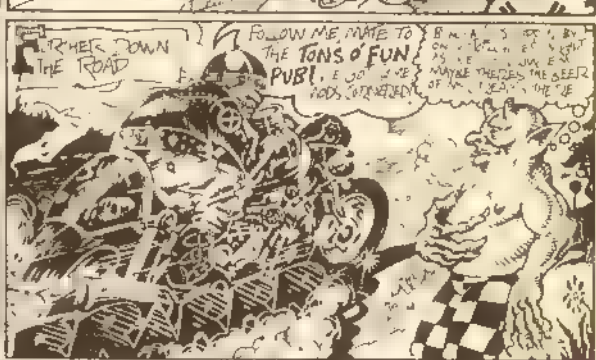
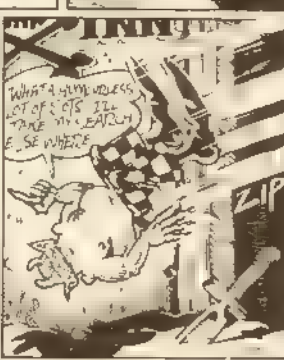
... THIS PROVES TOO MUCH FOR HER AND WITH A
SHRIEK SHE BREAKS FREE AND RUSHES INTO THE
GIRLS LAVS WHERE WAIT HER SISTERS...

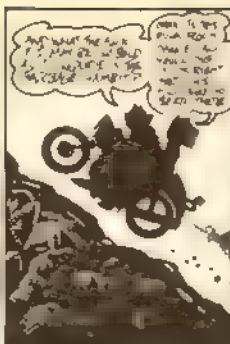


WELL I THINK RESNAIS' TRIUMPH IS TO
CREATE A NEW KIND OF FICTION THAT OPENS
UP FISSURES THAT THOUGHTS FLOOD INTO
- IT ENDS IN A RIDDLE WHICH PROVES
THAT SURREALISM
BLAH, BLAH...





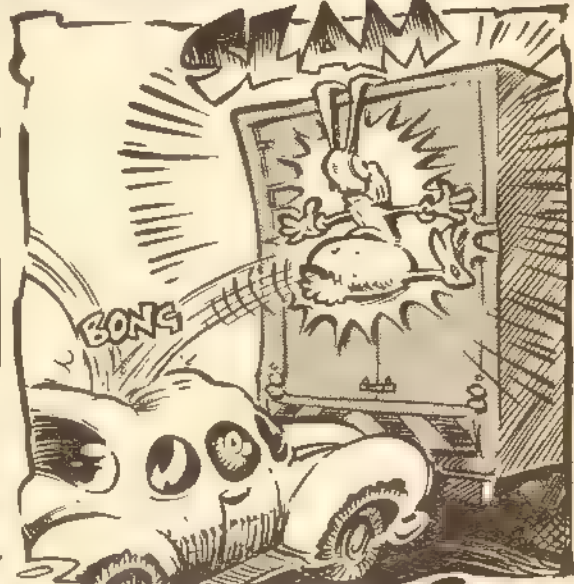
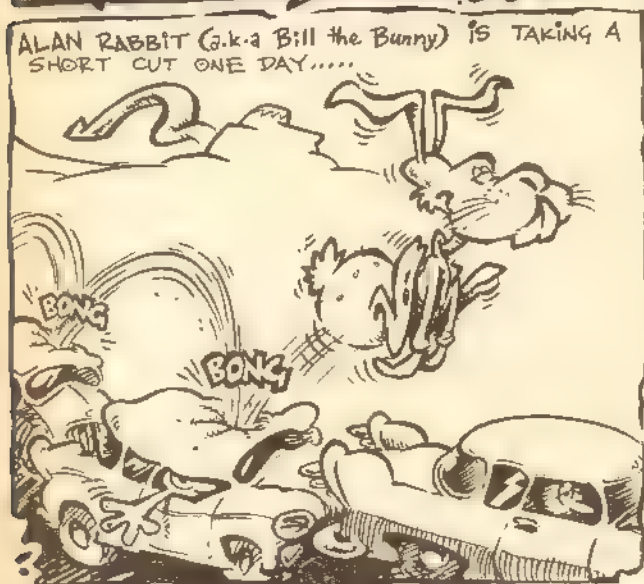
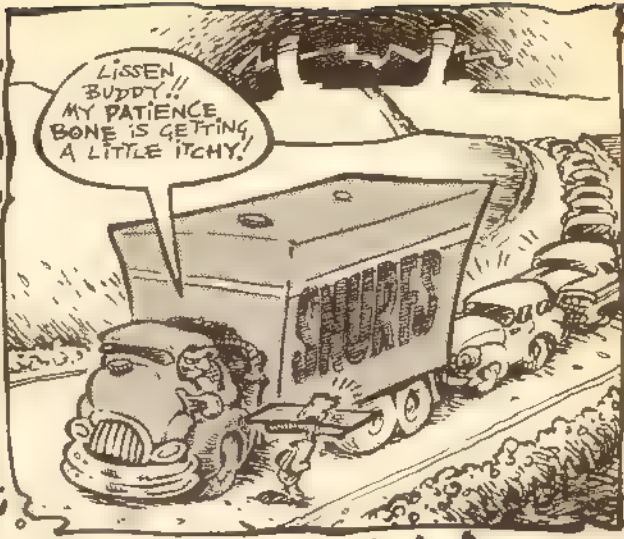
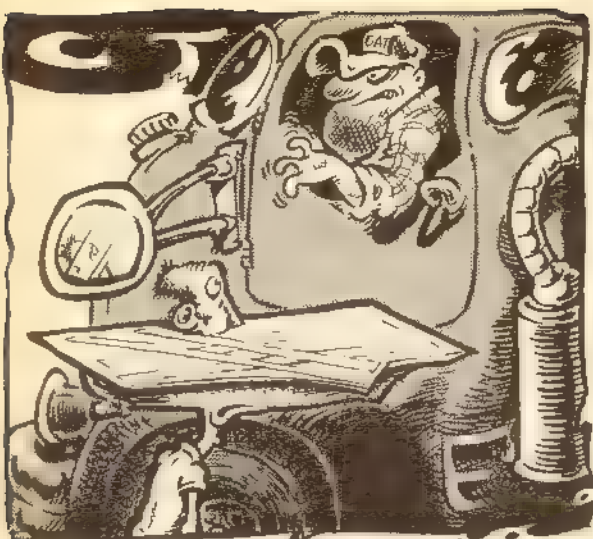
[illegible]



HUNT EMERSON

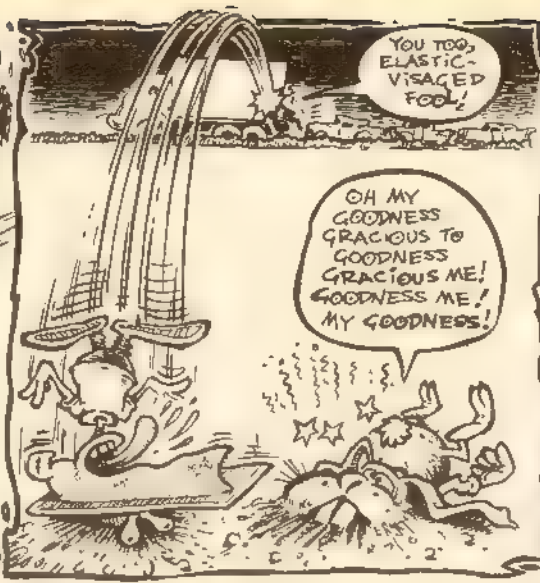
Walt Cow Comix







BEAT IT, BUNNY!

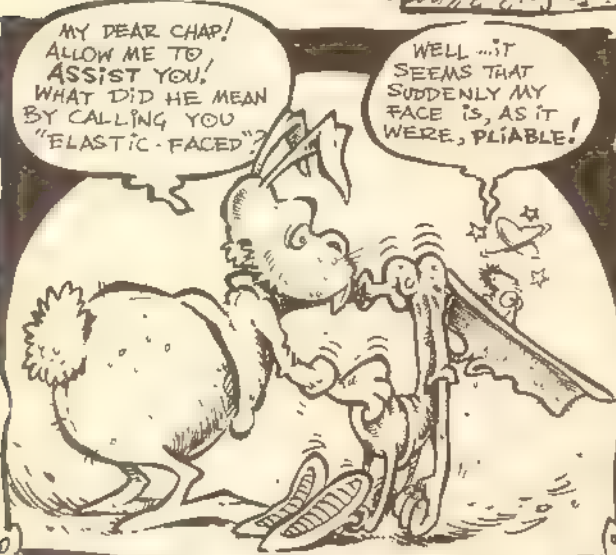


YOU TOO, ELASTIC-FACED FOOL!

OH MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS TO GOODNESS GRACIOUS ME! GOODNESS ME! MY GOODNESS!

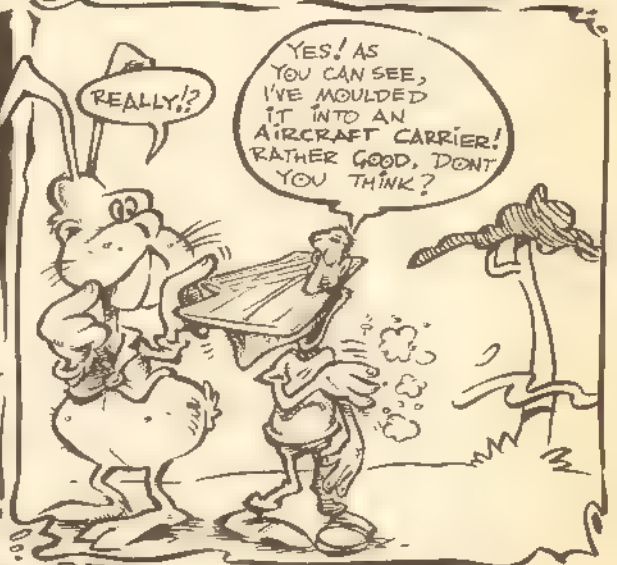


HMPH! CAN'T GET NO GODDAM PEACE THESE DAYS! NOW WHERE WUZ I?..



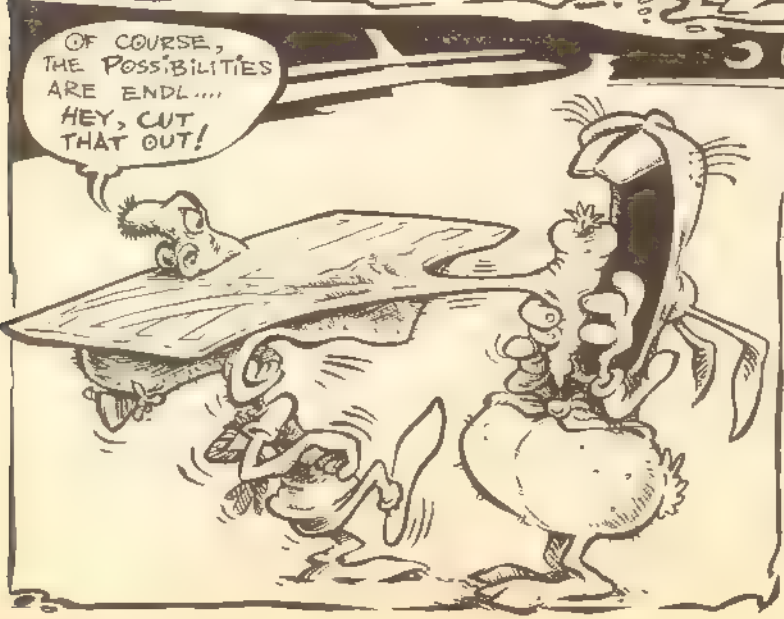
MY DEAR CHAP! ALLOW ME TO ASSIST YOU! WHAT DID HE MEAN BY CALLING YOU "ELASTIC-FACED"?

WELL...IT SEEMS THAT SUDDENLY MY FACE IS, AS IT WERE, PLIABLE!



REALLY!?

YES! AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE MOULDED IT INTO AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER! RATHER GOOD, DON'T YOU THINK?



OF COURSE, THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDL... HEY, CUT THAT OUT!



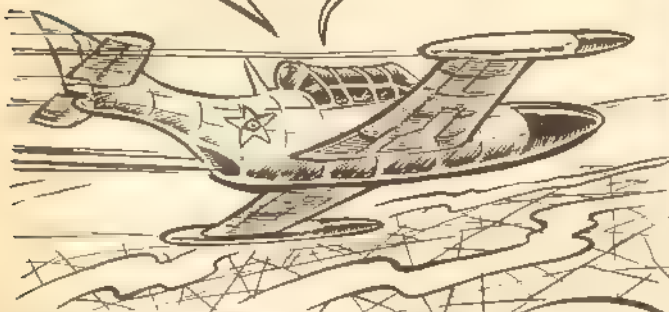
...er. sorry. WHY DIDJA CHOOSE AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER?

DUNNO REALLY... I'VE ALWAYS HAD AN INTEREST IN MARITIME MATTERS ... Y'KNOW - CAP'N HOOK ... BRIGS + BOSUNS.

MEANWHILE

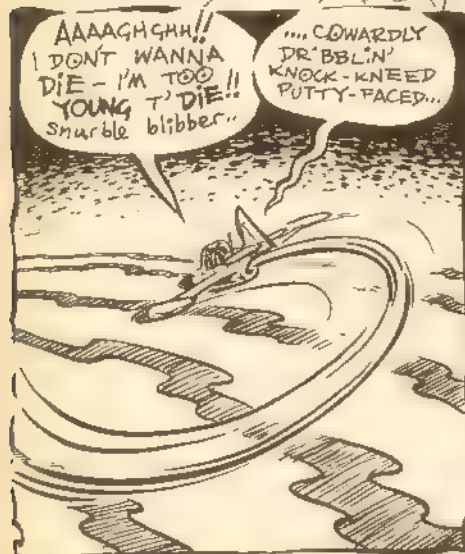
BERNIE! BERNIE!!
WE'RE LOST! LOST!!
WHADDAWE GONNA
DO?!

PER GODSAKE
CAN IT, YA
SNIVELLIN'
WOIM!



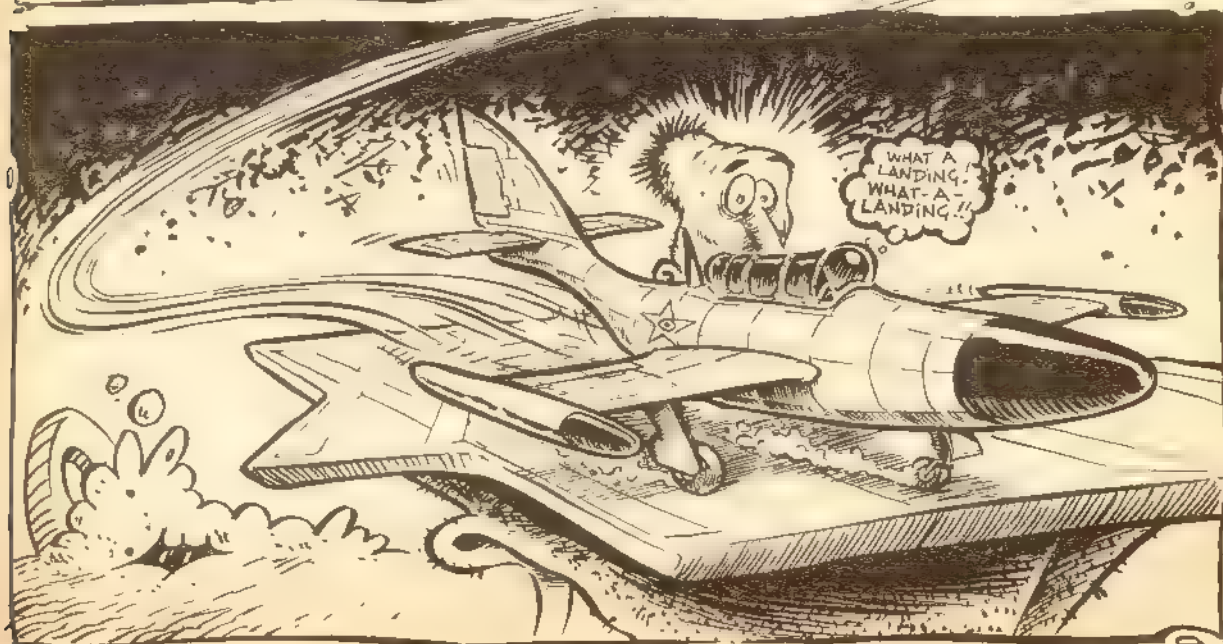
AAAAGHGH!!
I DONT WANNA
DIE - I'M TOO
YOUNG T'DIE!!
Shurble blibber..

.... COWARDLY
DR'BBLIN'
KNOCK-KNEED
PUTTY-FACED...



BUT WAIT!
WHAT IS THIS
SEE? A HAVEN!
WE'RE SAVED,
BERNIE!

..SNOTTY NOSED,
PANTY-WAIST
USELESS-~~click~~



WHAT A
LANDING.
WHAT-A
LANDING!!

Whew! Made it!
HEY! I WANT THIS PLANE
REFUELED PRONTO! AND
I WANT THE DIALS
CHECKED AND THE DRINKS
CABINET TOPPED UP AND
ALL SORTS OF...

TECHNICAL
STUFF LIKE
THAT, AND...
GREAT SCOTT!
A GIANT
RABBIT!

ALAN RABBIT
AT YOUR SERVICE,
TINY FLYER!

WOW! I
NEVER MET
SUCH A BIG
BUNNY...

Sahemé
EXCUSE ME!
WOULD YOU GET
THIS PLANE OFF
OF MY FACE?

FOOD!

DO YOU MIND!
I HAPPEN TO BE
CONDUCTING A
SURVEY ON THIS
HERE RABBIT. DON'T
YOU REALIZE THE
IMPORTANT FACTS
THAT CAN BE GLEANED
FROM SUCH AS HE?
HOW MUCH DOES HE
EAT, FOR EXAMPLE?

FOOD

FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD

...HOW FAR
CAN HE HOP?
MILLIONS OF
VITAL QUESTIONS!
I CAN'T BE
Distracted
BY THE VERBAL
INCONSEQUENCES
OF AN AIRCRAFT
CARRIER!

HMPH!
I'M NOT
TAKING ANY
MORE OF THIS!

HEY
RABBIT!
WAIT ON
THERE,
BO!

I SAY! I'M NOT
BEING AN AIRCRAFT
CARRIER ANY MORE.

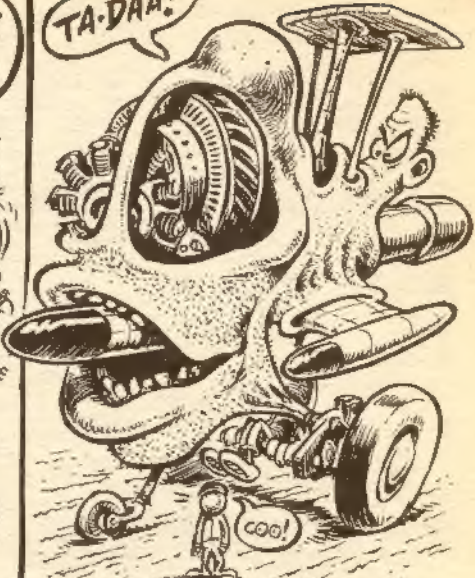
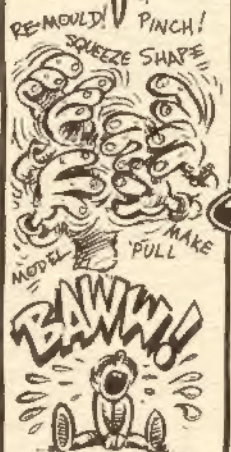
HEY!
MY PLANE!

AND THE HUGE HERBIVORE GOT AWAY... AT LEAST, I THINK HE'S A HERBIVORE...

RODENT, ACTUALLY...

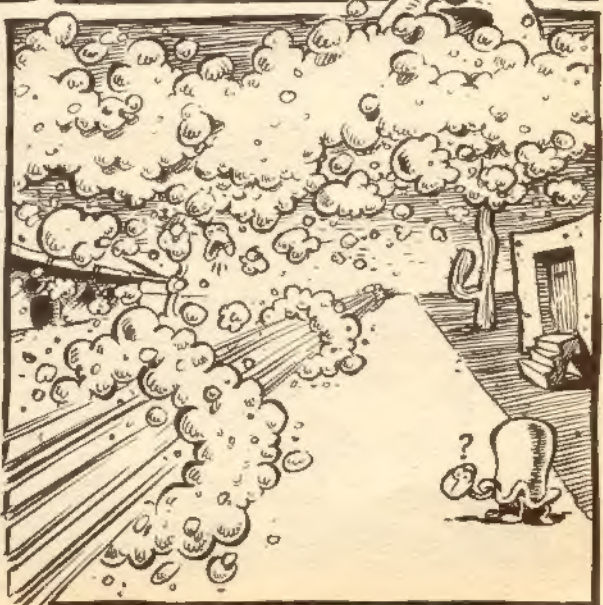
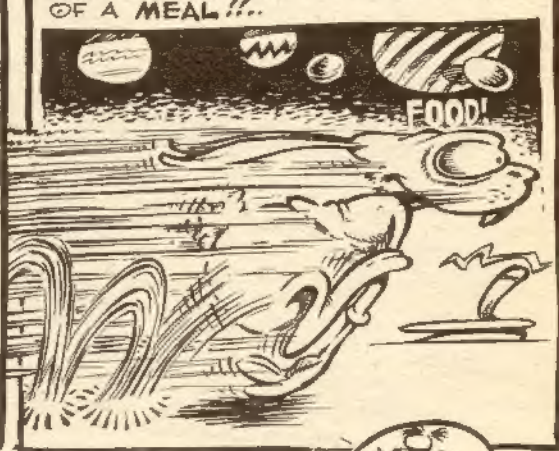
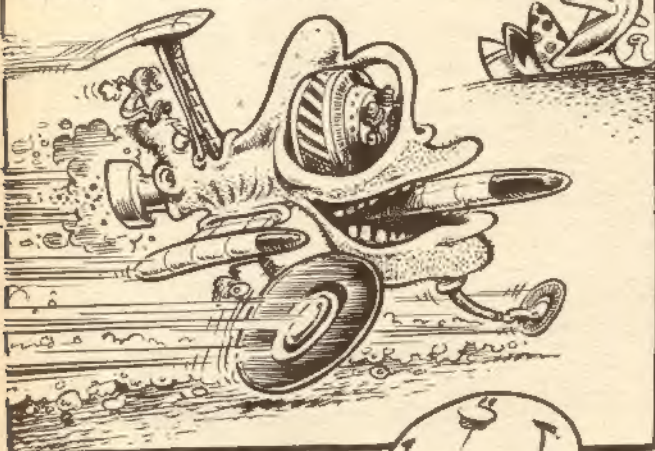
...BUT LISTEN, INFINITESIMAL AVIATOR, I HAVE A PLAN!

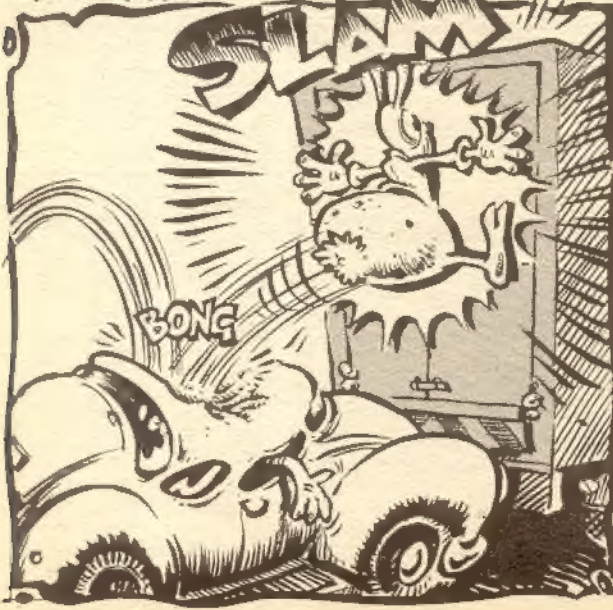
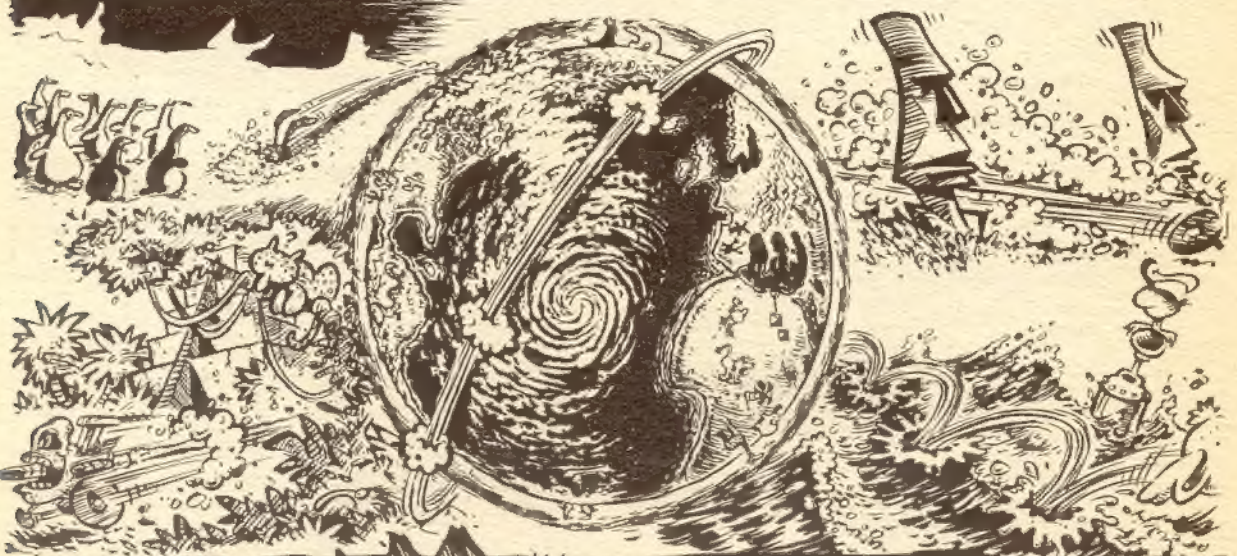
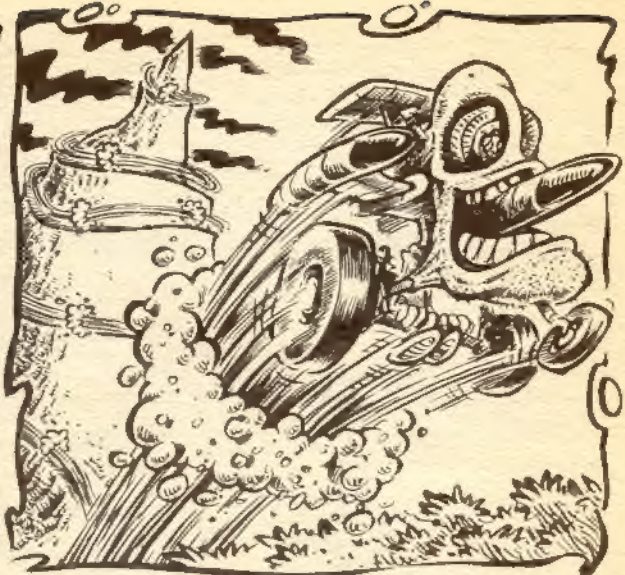
TA-DAA!

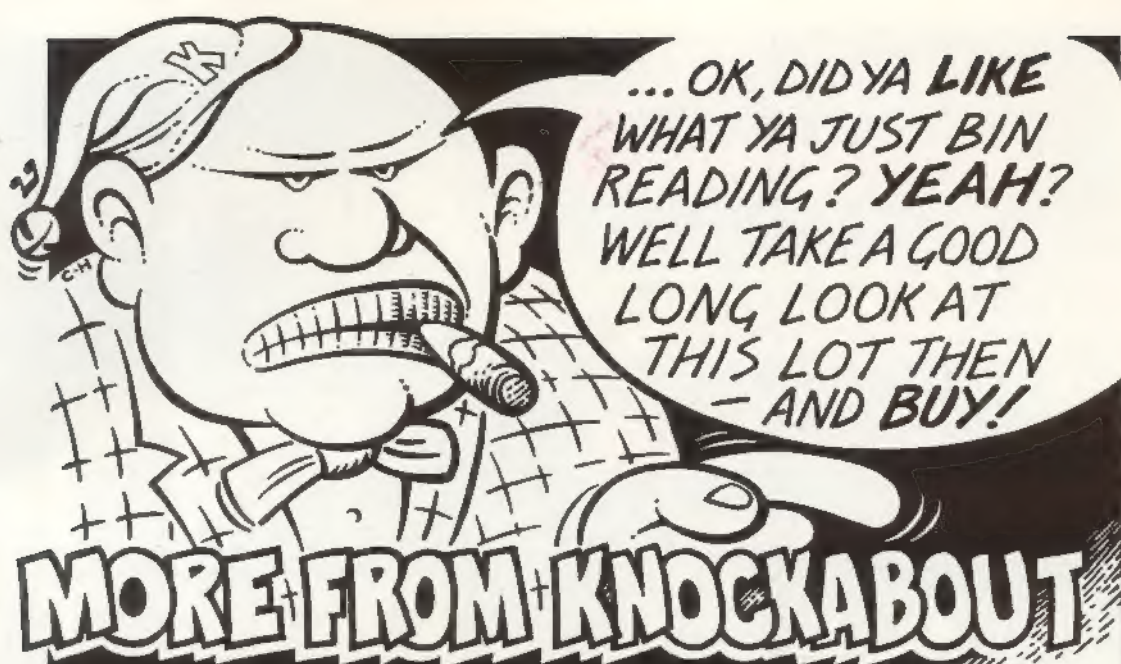


THEY SET OFF AT AN INCREDIBLE SPEED IN PURSUIT OF THE RABBIT...

...BUT THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR BILL THE BUNNY HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A MEAL...





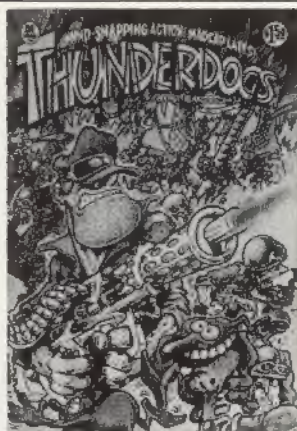


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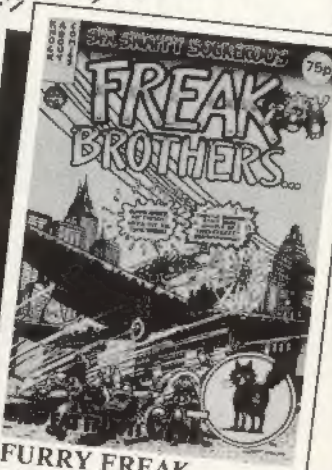


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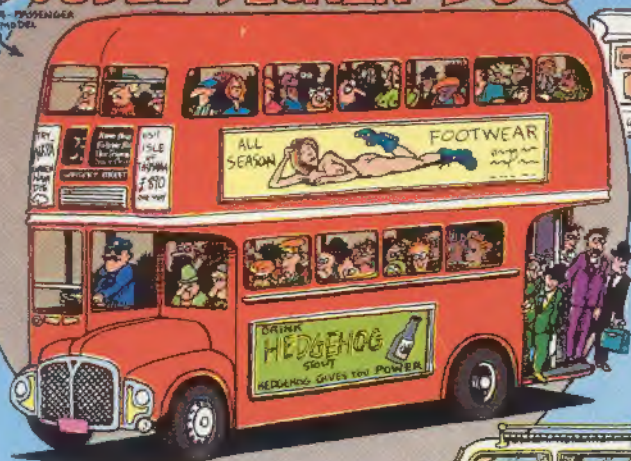
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64-PASSENGER
MODEL



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Upstairs is the drawing room and the bedroom. Eight-foot-long mahogany dining table lowers into floor for additional space. Extra-wide sofa faces forward or backward, converts into bed.

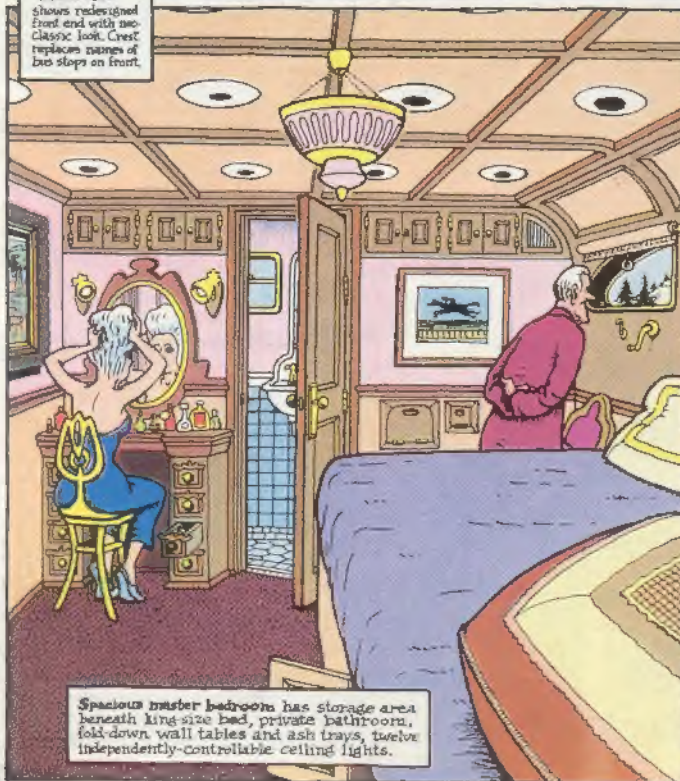
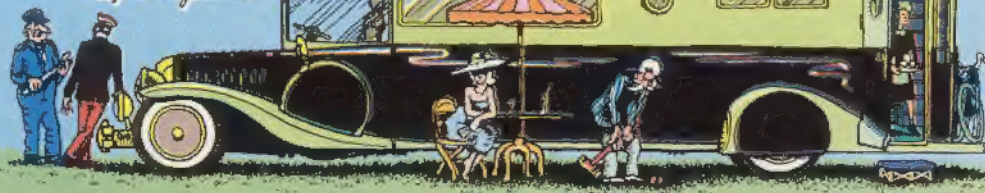


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DESIGNED BY Gilbert Shelton



Front View shows redesigned front end with new Classic look. Crest replaces names of bus stops on front.



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